

## Business Cards.

WE advise all wanting steel name stamps, steel plates, dies, or other engraving, to call on A. J. Powers, buildings, and they will be supplied.

H. C. Powers, Physician and Surgeon, 2131.

W. THOMAS, Teacher of Vocal Music, Agent for Pianos, Organs and Melodians, 26 Middlebury, Vt.

W. H. ROWE, Marble Dealer, Shop half mile East of George Hamlin, those desiring anything in the line will do well to call on him.

JAMES M. SLADE, Jr., Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue, 1st District, 2d Division Vermont, Office 2d floor Stewart's Building, 48 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

B. STEWART, Dealer in Pianos, Organs and Melodians, Has sold since March 1st, over \$12,000 worth of organs. The reason is, a superior instrument is sold, and sold low. Send for circulars and prices.

J. M. HOLDEN, Carriage Manufacturer, Repairing done at short notice. Saw of description fitted and put in complete repair. 311

W. W. RIDER, Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery, 261m

H. KINGSLEY, Dentist, 42

THOMAS H. McLEOD, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Claim Agent, Office in Lane & Clay's Block, East end of the bridge, Middlebury, Vt.

A. P. FUPPER, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery, 38

E. R. CLAY, Dealer in Millinery and Fancy Goods, Cloths, Shawls, Furs and Ladies' Furnishing Goods, 41

OZRO MEACHAM, Dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Furnishing Goods, &c., BRANDON, VT.

E. W. JUDD, Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of American and Foreign Marble, Granite Work, &c. With Old Middlebury Marble Co.

H. W. BREWSTER, Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Silver and Plated Ware, of every description. All kinds of repairing done at the shortest notice. Brewster's Block, 111

J. M. TRIPP, Sheriff for Addison County, Office in Stewart's Block, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

W. W. CLARK, Attorney & Counselor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery, 41

STEWART & ELDREDGE, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

JASON DAVENPORT, Fire Insurance Agent, representing the companies lately represented by C. L. Cook, Esq. Also the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Office at Rutland & Main's Hardware store.

R. SAYRE, Dealer in Household Goods, Groceries, a general assortment of Groceries, Flour, Cheese, Lard, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Oil, Tobacco, &c. Cash paid for Prime Butter at my store any day in the week.

C. E. SMITH, Photographer and dealer in pictures of all kinds, portraits, views, &c. Address, CHAS. E. SMITH, 311

DOWNER, BOLTON & ALLEN, MANUFACTURERS OF DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, Mouldings, Architraves, Brackets and Lumber, Which are kept constantly on hand, or will be made to order on short notice.

Planing, Wood turning, Scroll sawing, Blinds painted and sash glazed to order. Newell Stair Rails and Balusters on hand or made to order.

Laths, Shingles, Clapboards, Floor-boards and Fencing Lumber constantly on hand and worked to order.

Dr. H. TUR- RILL is fully prepared to execute all work upon the Natural Teeth, or on the various artificial work.

"with all the modern improvements," in a superior manner and at reasonable prices. Extraneous free of charge, where teeth are treated with Ether or Gas administered when desired.

Office hours, 8 to 12, a. m., and 1 to 5, p. m. 521

STOCKWELL, COTTAGE FOR SALE, This fine residence, situated at West Cornwell, is for sale on reasonable terms. Also twenty acres of land conveniently situated to said place. Possession given immediately.

Requires of F. H. Jones, West Cornwell, Vt., or Stewart & Eldredge, Middlebury, Vt. March 4, 1872.

New Carriage Shop, THE SANFORD & GAGER SHOP IS AGAIN OPEN.

Competent workmen in every department. New work of all kinds on hand or made to order. Repairing done at short notice.

HORSE SHOEING and all kinds of Blacksmithing well and promptly done. Come and see. L. H. STORRE, J. M. Park may be found at this shop ready to see all his old customers.

GEMS OF STRAUSS! This fine collection, now "all the rage" contains among its gems, (which all will prize as precious.)

German Heats, Aquaroles, 1001 Nights, Man-batten, Morgenthalten, Artist Life, Love and Pleasure, Burgeoning, Blue Banners, Marriage Bells, Boudoirs, Wives, Women and Song, and many other popular Waltzes.

PIZZICATO, NEW ANNE, TRISHCH, TRISHCH, and other dances, with a goodly number of first-rate Quadrilles, Polkas, &c. Price, in Boston, \$2.50; in Vt., \$2.00. Sent, post paid, for retail price.

The Great New Church Music Book, THE STANDARD, still "waves" and is on the point of being introduced to a multitude of singing schools, to commence. The authors are L. O. Eastman, of Boston, and H. B. Palmer, of Chicago, neither of whom will be satisfied with less than

Twice the ordinary circulation. For the price, the present, Specimen Copies will be sent free.

PRICE \$1.50. OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston, C. H. DITSON & Co., New York.

FOR SALE, A few pure bred Almond Breeding Eggs and two good Stock Rams. Inquire of ALBERT CHAPMAN.

## BENSON & ANDREWS.

DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

Fruits, Confectionery,

NUTS, TOBACCO, PIPES

AND CIGARS.

Canned Goods.

OF ALL KINDS.

Pickles, Choice Teas, Coffee and Spices, with a general assortment of

FANCY GROCERIES.

We keep the best goods, and sell at low prices. Oysters, Ice Cream, Soda and Mineral Waters in their season.

JAMES H. BENSON, WM. ANDREWS, Middlebury, May 14, 1872.

PAINTS AND OIL.

3000 lbs Salem Pure Lead.

2000 lbs Genuine Frich Zinc.

300 Gals. Pure Linseed Oil.

Also a full assortment

Standard Colored Paints

SPRITS TURPENTINE, &c.

For sale by E. VALLETTE

BUTTER.

100 Tubs of Prime

BUTTER

WANTED EVERY

FRIDAY.

In exchange for CASH, at the store of

CHAPMAN BROS.

BUTTER.

Fish. Fish.

No 1 Salmon,

No 1 Mackerel—Large.

Extra No 1 Mackerel,

Greenland Salmon Trout,

Georges & Grand Bk Codfish

all of choicest quality, for sale at Feb. 27.

250 Tons

Stove and Chestnut

COAL.

FOR SALE AT

LARABEE'S POINT & WATCH POINT

Shoreham, Vt., Sept. 2, 1872.

NOTICE.

The Cabinet and Coffin business formerly carried on by Smith & Lister, will in the future be carried on by J. Lister & Co., Smith having retired.

J. Lister respectfully thanks the public of Middlebury and vicinity for past favors, and by strict attention to business and doing work well, hopes to receive a liberal share of the public patronage in our line of business, such as

WRITING DESKS, WARDROBES, BOOK CASES, SIDEBOARDS, SHOW CASES, WINDOW CORNICES, &c. &c. Also, wholesale manufacturers of

Coffins and Caskets.

We are also prepared to build and repair houses on short notice.

N. B. Building lot pleasantly located for sale at a bargain.

J. LISTER & CO.

MIDDLEBURY GRADED SCHOOL.

C. D. MEAD, A. M., Principal.

R. M. BAILEY, A. M., Teacher of Greek.

Miss Emily HENRIE, Preceptress.

LETRA & GROOMER, Teacher of Grammar School.

MARY A. B. HACKETT, "Intermediate."

ELEAN FIDLER, "Third Primary."

Mrs. E. A. BARRETT, "First."

Miss Rosa L. HOLLEY, Vocal and Instrumental Music.

HEARSH-CORNER, Auditor.

The Fall Term begins Sept. 30th and continues 13 weeks.

Tuition—T. Non-Residents.

Primary Department, per term.

Intermediate and Grammar School.

Model and Latin.

Music—Piano, 4 per quarter of 20 lessons, 10 20

Instruction in Vocal Music will be given to the pupils in all the grades below the High School, free of charge.

Daily lessons to singing class at \$1 per term.

Carriages, Carriages.

A fine assortment of elegant carriages, of various styles and prices, have just been received from West Albany, Mass., which will be sold at reasonable prices or exchanged for horses. They can be seen at the farm of Milton, Broderick. For particulars inquire of

S. S. BROOKS, Middlebury.

Splendid Dolls,

OF ALL KINDS JUST RECEIVED AT THE

REGISTER BOOK-STORE

## Birdie's Asleep.

BY MRS. OLIVER E. THOMAS.

Gather the pillows in parlor and hall, Lay them all by while the night shadows fall, For the little form that was wandering all day Over the floor in the sunlight at play, Woeath a silence so tranquil and deep, Softly we murmur, "Our Birdie's asleep."

Hushed the gay laughter that rang through the door, Quiet the lips that with kisses brimmed o'er, Hidden the blue eyes whose beauty and power Held the heart close in each golden hour, Tarry, oh angels, thy tender guard keep Over our "Birdie" who lieth asleep.

Fair is the forehead where blessings are shed, As the pure soul in its lone ocean bed, And the sweet thought of her constant shall be As the low murmur it breathes of the sea, Harbors of joy for the loving heart's leap, Cherishing playthings for "Birdie" asleep!

Trest on the pillow are fingers whose grace, Seem with their touch every care from our face, While the red rose on the cheek lingers long, Born in the soul's month our lullaby song, Startling and muffled now over the gleam of sleep, Touch the lyre's reality, "Birdie's asleep."

White arms at morning will clasp us in glow, Loping tones greet us with rare melody, Little bare feet on their mission will go, And a pathway of joy will be made, Pray God for favor on life's rugged step, Waiting for "Birdie," who lieth asleep.

"Spring Side Cottage."

Dear Smith, the Spy.

Despite the cloud that hangs over the closing days of Sam Houston's life, I have always entertained a strong admiration for the hero of San Jacinto. I am fully conscious of his weaknesses; some of which are quite glaring, but he had a certain pluck, a Jacksonian stubbornness, which commanded the respect of even his enemies.

There is an incident of Sam Houston's career that is not generally known, but which brings out as prominently as any act of his life, that sterling courage to which I refer, and at the same time brings into notice one of the most extraordinary men of whom I ever heard—whom is the person known as Deaf Smith the Texas Spy, and intimate friend of Sam Houston.

At the time Texas succeeded in establishing her independence, the constitution provided that Austin should be the permanent capital, where the public archives were to be kept; but the provision was inserted giving the President discretionary power to remove it temporarily, to some safe point in case of danger from the irascible of a foreign enemy, or the power of a sudden insurrection.

About two years after the Texas revolution, the war-like Comanches became so daring as to commit several outrages in the sight of the Capital itself, whereupon Houston considered the condition of matters warranted his availing himself of the provisions already mentioned.

He resided at that time at Washington, on the Brazos, from which he dispatched a messenger, which an order commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the records to that place, and which he announced to be the seat of government pro tem.

This produced the most intense excitement in Austin. The hotel keepers, grocers, boarding houses and gambling saloons foresaw irretrievable ruin. They gathered together and denounced the proposed "outrage." Gradually the muttering took shape, until despite the constitutional warranty for the step, it was resolved that the thing should not be done.

At mass meetings of the citizens and farmers of the neighborhood, and the most fiery and incendiary speeches were made. When the feelings of all were worked up to the proper pitch, it was unanimously resolved to prevent the execution of the mandate by armed resistance.

A company of armed men was organized on the spot. At their head was placed one of the most noted duellists in the country. He had achieved quite a name during the war just closed, and was unquestionably a brave man, and as unprincipled as he was desperate. He was a man of no little importance, and it was with no little pride that he took charge of the men, who unanimously called upon him to be their leader.

So noted was Colonel Morton that a great many were convinced that when General Houston learned that he would have headed this determined band, he would have retraced his ground and recall the offending command. But they mistook the mettle of the old hero.

Colonel Morton, puffed up with his "brief authority," declared that if the President did succeed in removing the records by power of overwhelming numbers, he would hunt him down like a wolf, and slay him wherever he found him, whether on the streets or in the bed. He went so far as to send him a letter to this effect, and here is the identical answer he received.

"If the people of Austin do not send the archives, I shall instantly come and take them, and if Colonel Morton can kill me he is welcome to my ears."

SAM HOUSTON.

On the reception of this answer the excitement became greater than ever. The guard was doubled around the State House, and picked sentries were stationed along the route to the capital, the military paraded from morning till night, and a caucus of the ringleaders was held in the city hall. Everying threatened a coming storm.

Thus matters stood for several days, when the caucus at the city hall was startled by the sudden arrival of a stranger among them.

He did not knock at the door nor attempt to ask admission there, but climbed, unnoticed by the celerity of a monkey, a small oak which stood beside the wall, and without a word of warning sprang through a lofty window, and landed in the very room where the caucus was assembled.

The stranger was clad in buckskin, carried a long and heavy rifle in his hand, wore at the bottom of his suspender an immense horse-knife, and held in his leather belt a couple of enormous pistols. He was very tall, thin, and straight as an arrow, and as little and supple as a panther, with a swarthy complexion, long jet black hair, a rigid, iron-like countenance, eyes of glittering blackness, and as piercing as the point of a stiletto.

His sudden appearance among them was so startling that they instinctively grasped their arms.

"Who are you that comes among gentlemen uninvited?" thundered Colonel Morton, staring at him fiercely.

The stranger turned his black eyes up

on him and stared at him, but the only answer he made was by placing his fingers upon his lips.

"Who are you? Speak, or I'll run you through?" shouted Morton, driven to fury by the cool contemptuous gaze of the other, who now took his finger from his lips and placed it upon his knife.

The exasperated Colonel drew back his dagger, and was advancing upon the stranger, when several interposed and held him back.

"Let him alone, Morton. Don't you see he is crazy?"

At this juncture Judge Webb stopped forward and spoke to the stranger in a kindly, respectful manner.

"My good friend, I suppose you have made a mistake. This is a private meeting to which none but members are admitted."

The stranger did not seem to understand the words, but he did the conciliatory manner. His iron features relaxed somewhat, and stepping to a table where were implements of writing, he took a pen and rapidly traced the words, "I am deaf."

He then held up the paper to the spectators as a natural apology to his seeming discourtesy.

"Will you be kind enough to inform us what your business is with this meeting?"

The stranger answered this question by handing a letter to the Judge, whose superciliousness was "to the Citizens of Austin." The seal was broken and it was read aloud.

"Follow Citizens!—Though in error and deceived by the arts of traitors, I will give you three more days to decide whether you will surrender the public archives. At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision."

SAM HOUSTON.

After the letter was read, the deaf man waited a few moments for a reply and turned to leave the hall. At this moment Colonel Morton interposed with a lowering brow, and beckoned him to the table, where he laid his "blanket" wrapped about him, he loved to lie out in the open air, under the star-gemmed firmament.

"You were brave enough to insult me by hunting, and was often absent for months on his excursions. He was a genuine son of nature, at home only when upon the prairies or in the woods, or when engaged in the thrilling excitement of the hunt, or the fiery thrill of the clash of arms and the roar of battle."

Shut out by his infirmity from the close companionship of friends, he had made the inanimate things of earth his friends. Wherever there was water or land, barren rocks or tangled brakes of cane, there was Deaf Smith's home, and there he was happy; but in the streets of great cities, in all the great thoroughfares of men, wherever there was flattery or fawning, false cunning or craven fear, there was Deaf Smith an alien and exile.

Old Probabilities.

There are 62 signal stations in the United States, the extreme outposts being Portland, Maine; Key West, Florida; Galveston, San Diego, Portland, Oregon, and Duluth. Each station is furnished with a barometer, thermometer, anemometer, and a clock.

The barometer is the Green's standard, and is always carefully compared with the standard in the office before issue for use. It is placed in a room of uniform temperature, not heated or too much exposed to the sun. When not in use the cover is kept closed. When an observation is taken it is opened, and the barometer slipped back into the box.

The thermometer is hung at height of the eye, in the open air, facing the north in such a manner that it is always in the shade. It is placed so as to avoid the light reflected from surrounding objects, and protected from rain, snow and hail.

The anemometer is an instrument used in determining the degree of moisture in the atmosphere. It is placed in the same shelter as the thermometer, and near it.

The anemometer is an instrument used to measure the force and velocity of the wind. It is composed of little saucers traveling around a perpendicular bar, each after the other, like a dog trying to catch his tail. The anemometer is fixed at a central position upon a post of sufficient height to bring it on a level with the eye of the observer, and must be in an exposed position, so as to receive the full force of the wind.

The wind-vane is worked on the same principle as are weathercocks. It is, however, of scientific construction, and by means of a dial at the base, gives with great exactness the direction of the wind in any point of the compass.

A rain gauge is placed with the top of the funnel collector at a foot above the surface of the ground, firmly fixed in a vertical position. It is examined daily; the amount of water it contains carefully measured with a graduated rod, which is a good one, keeps Washington time.

With these instruments, none of which are complicated, the humidity of the atmosphere, force, velocity and direction of the wind, state of the thermometer, and all particulars about the weather, in each circuit is telegraphed by the telegraph company for about ten minutes, and the reports come rattling in from about 40 minutes from the time they commenced coming they are all received, when they are marked on a map of the United States. The state of the barometer, thermometer, direction of the winds, &c., &c., over the whole country are seen at a glance, and upon this as a basis, the "probabilities" for the next twenty-four hours are calculated. The reports are received, translated, set up for the map, passed lithographed and printed, and read for distribution and the whole report in course of transmission over the country within an hour.

Zion's Herald publishes official figures, which relate the published statement of the relative loss of numbers of the Methodist church, as compared with other denominations, and exhibit a grand total of Methodist membership of 1,965,667.

finest broadcloth, and the other was attired in a smoke tinted leather.

The next instant both rifles exploded simultaneously. Colonel Morton gave a smothered shriek, sprang upward, and fell to the ground—dead. Deaf Smith stood unmoved, and began reloading his rifle, which, being done he turned away and disappeared in the adjoining forest.

Three days after, Gen. Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith, and ten other men made their appearance in Austin, and without further opposition removed the State papers.

Deaf Smith, as I remarked before, was one of the most extraordinary men ever known in the west. He appeared in Texas at an early period, and resided there until his death, which occurred over a dozen years ago. He had many ardent friends, but nothing definite was ever learned regarding his former life. Whether he ever acquainted Houston with it was never known, for the old hero never enlightened any one as far as I can learn upon the matter.

When Deaf Smith was questioned upon the matter, he laid his finger upon his lips, and it pressed, his dark eyes gave such a rebuke that no one dared question him further. Although deprived of the faculty of hearing Nature, as is often the case, seemed to compensate him by giving him an eye as keen and far-reaching as an eagle's and a smell as perfect as a raven's. He could discern Camanches so far off on the prairie that they were invisible to the eye of the most experienced hunter, and his friends declared he could see a Mexican when miles away.

Gifted in this extraordinary manner, it will be seen that he possessed just the qualities to make him a successful spy; and his services to Houston, during the Texan war for independence, were invaluable. He generally went alone, and very rarely failed to obtain the information desired.

He had many erratic habits. No person could induce him to sleep under the roof of a house. With his "blanket" wrapped about him, he loved to lie out in the open air, under the star-gemmed firmament.

When not engaged as a spy, he lived by hunting, and was often absent for months on his excursions. He was a genuine son of nature, at home only when upon the prairies or in the woods, or when engaged in the thrilling excitement of the hunt, or the fiery thrill of the clash of arms and the roar of battle."

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## Hope.

BY A. N. FIDLER.

"Tis sweet, this boon to mortal man,